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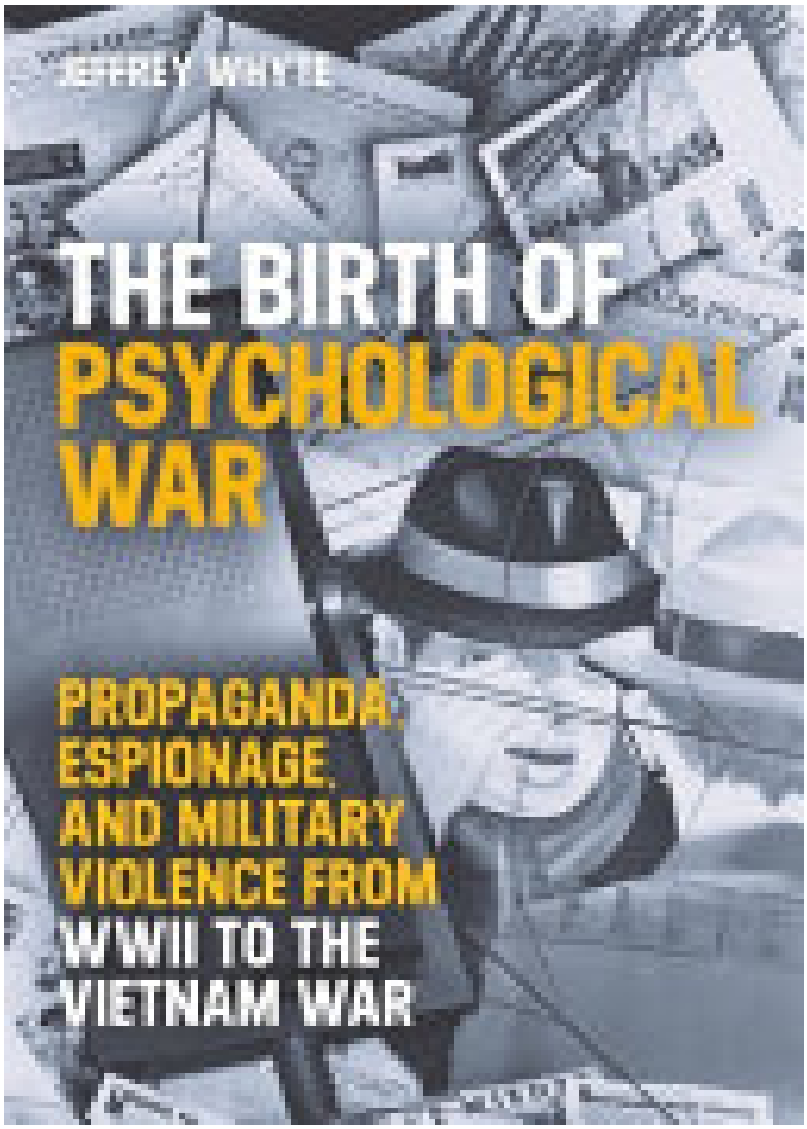

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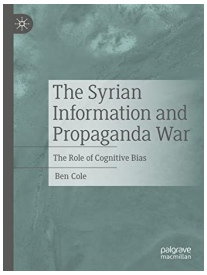

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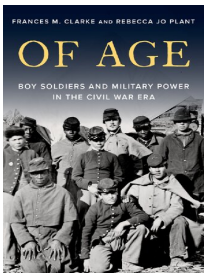

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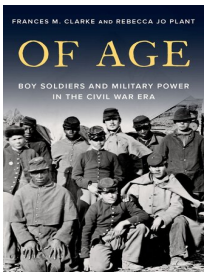

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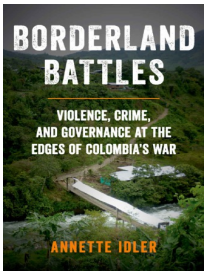

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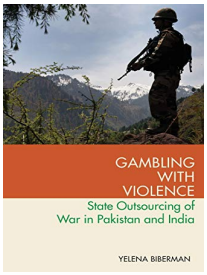

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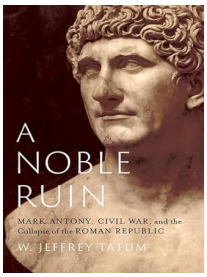

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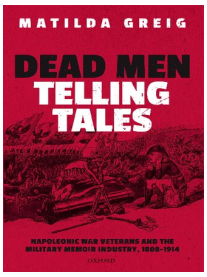

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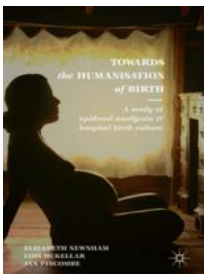

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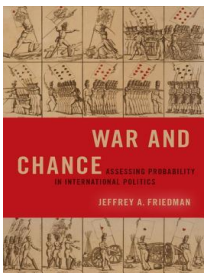

THE BIRTH OF PSYCHOLOGICAL WAR

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Jeffrey Whyte is a Lecturer in International Relations at Lancaster University. He holds a PhD in Geography from the University of British Columbia, and an MA in Communications from Simon Fraser University. His work explores the political history of psychological warfare in the United States.

THE BIRTH OF PSYCHOLOGICAL WAR

Propaganda, Espionage, and Military Violence from WWII to the Vietnam War

Jeffrey Whyte

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Introduction: 'Switching Back to Good Old PSYOP'

Psychological warfare is back. Animated by concerns over Russian interference in the 2016 US presidential election and UK Brexit referendum, psychological warfare has returned to popular political discourse in breathless *exposés* such as Cambridge Analytica whistle-blower Christopher Wylie's headlining claim that 'I made Steve Bannon's psychological warfare mindfuck tool' (Cadwalladr 2018). In US military and policy circles too, psychological warfare has returned. Briefly redesignated as the somewhat evasive 'Military Information Support Operations' (MISO) under the Obama administration, the *Army Times* reported in 2017 that the '100-year-old Defense Department psychological operations community' would be 'switching back to good old PSYOP' (Myers 2017). The return of psychological warfare signals the United States' renewed commitment to waging its proverbial 'war of ideas' in the geopolitical arena. With it, however, comes a clutch of misconceptions and mythologies. Psychological warfare, for example, is not one hundred years old (nor is the Department of Defense). However, as the director of Information Operations at US Army Special Operations Command Lt. Col. Brad Carr told the *Army Times*,

> given Russian disinformation, given this new world where the information fight is becoming more complex and nuanced, there's a level of pride when I can say, I'm a PSYOP soldier in a PSYOP unit that has this lineage and did these kinds of things. (Myers 2017, n.p.)

This renewed embrace of psychological warfare stands in stark relief to prior approaches that have sought to downplay the duplicitous, clandestine, and even conspiratorial connotations the term has tended to carry. The Obama administration's use of the term MISO, for example, was meant to suggest a 'kinder, gentler update to the PSYOP mission' and to 'ease the suspicion PSYOP seemed to generate' (Myers 2017). However, as an internal Pentagon email from 2010 made clear, even this was 'just a terminological change, not a substantive change.

The term PSYOP was anachronistic and misleading. MISO is a more accurate description of the activities and programs at issue' (Ambinder 2010, n.p.).

This terminological shuffle was, however, only the latest in a cycle of avowals and disavowals that has defined psychological warfare's turbulent history. When the United States Information Agency (USIA) was established in 1953, for example, it consolidated and expanded the global network of psychological warfare posts that the United States had established during the Second World War. Though the USIA represented the crystallisation of US psychological warfare in the international arena, it was ironically also the moment the United States formally disavowed the term, reaching instead for anodyne options such as 'international communication' and eventually 'public diplomacy'. However, rumours of psychological warfare's death were greatly exaggerated. As one USIA officer later recalled, 'from a strictly professional viewpoint, [the USIA] is "psychological warfare," pure and simple, as everyone will recognize … But for the better chances of its success, it would appear wise not to call it that' (Perusse 1958, 34).

This cycle of avowal and disavowal, artifice and candour, makes defining psychological warfare a difficult proposition. This is perhaps by design. As the editor of the first major collection on psychological warfare put it,

> most people who write or talk about psychological warfare use the term as Humpty Dumpty did in his discussion with Alice concerning 'glory'. He told her, 'When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean – neither more or less'. (Daugherty 1958a, 11)

As the United States again returns to 'good old psyop', this book sets out not to define psychological warfare, but to account for the multiplicity of its meanings and practices at different times and in different places. This requires first a demystification of psychological warfare's founding mythologies. Despite the *Army Times*' celebration of the United States' '100-year-old psychological operations community', the term in fact emerged only in the early 1940s, and then only under extraordinary circumstances. Even among its first theorists and practitioners, however, there was a desire to elevate psychological warfare beyond its historical contingencies to imagine for it an ancient origin, a transhistorical reality, and an elemental existence within the nature of war itself. Paul Linebarger's (1948) foundational *Psychological Warfare*, for example, imagined Gideon's ruse against the Midianites in the Old Testament as psychological warfare's first known instance. Linebarger similarly reimagined other historical figures as 'psychological warriors', including Athenian general Themistocles, Chinese emperor Wang Mang, Genghis Kahn, and Thomas Paine. In his *The Nature of Psychological Warfare*, Communication Studies pioneer Wilbur Schramm (1953, 5) similarly reproduced Linebarger's historical castings, adding that 'nations have been waging it since there have been nations'.

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While these accounts suggest a picture of psychological warfare that, as Lt. Col. Brad Carr put it, 'has this lineage' both ancient and modern, they conspire to obscure the particular and contingent circumstances under which psychological warfare emerged in the United States in the early years of the Second World War (Myers 2017). This book is therefore in part historiographical, a corrective to these and other accounts that fail to explain how and why psychological warfare emerged when and where it did. Despite its relatively recent date, the story of psychological warfare's origin is no less incredible, involving international espionage, forged maps, famous anthropologists, the origins of the US intelligence community, and more. Chapter 1 tells the largely untold story of the birth of psychological warfare in the United States, a story of major figures in government and industry working to reimagine the meaning and significance of propaganda in modern war. It is a story of deception, not just between warring nations, but also concerning the nature and existence of psychological warfare itself. Psychological warfare was more than it seemed but also in some ways less. In accounting for the specific circumstances of its birth, this book attempts to parse fact from fiction to present a critical account of psychological warfare's arrival on the US political scene.

Challenging psychological warfare's mythologies is necessary to the extent that they endure in contemporary political life. In the days immediately prior to the United States' invasion of Afghanistan in 2001, for example, *Time* magazine celebrated the American psychological warfare tradition, reporting that 'American armies have used psyops since the Revolutionary War', referencing the distribution of handbills to British soldiers at the Battle of Bunker Hill (Waller 2001). Similarly, less than a month prior to the US invasion of Iraq in 2003, the *Chicago Tribune* invoked psychological warfare's ancient origins to sanction its use ahead of the coming invasion. 'Psyops is one of the oldest forms of warfare', it reported. 'Alexander the Great used it when he left huge pieces of body armor behind his advancing army to convince would-be pursuers that his force was made up of giants' (Kilian 2003). These accounts of psychological war worked not only to justify its use, but also to naturalise it into an imagined historical and military tradition. This book therefore seeks to unsettle the picture of psychological warfare as a natural element in the history of war. It shows on the contrary that psychological warfare is a modern contrivance that requires scrutiny on its own terms.

Beyond this historiographical goal, this book also grapples with the moral mythologies of psychological warfare. Drawing upon Derek Gregory's critique of what he calls the 'moral economy of bombing', I consider the moral economies that likewise underwrite the prosecution of psychological war. I do so not only to illuminate the political ideologies animating psychological warfare in their own right, but also to show psychological warfare's close relationship to the development of modern airpower. In his study of bombing, Gregory traces four major narrative themes that have justified practices of bombing: (1) that 'bombing saves lives' by

raising the bar for going to war and shortening its duration, (2) that 'bombing is manly' and an affirmation of masculinity, (3) that 'bombing is objective' and based upon scientific expertise, and finally (4) that 'bombing is lawful', that is, 'not only legal, but a means of imposing law on the lawless' (Gregory 2017b, np). Detailing how practices of psychological warfare and bombing bleed into one another, this book shows how these moral economies were also entwined. It therefore critiques the popular construction of psychological warfare as a humane, potent, scientific, and orderly exercise.

This book also maps a political geography of psychological warfare, contrasting the construction of its moral economy in the US political imagination with its actual prosecution in theatres of war. I show that US psychological warfare on the battlefield contravened if not wholly subverted the picture it presented to the US public. This book therefore traces the double life of psychological warfare: at home, where it has been constructed as a reflection of the United States' commitment to waging warfare humanely; and abroad, where it has been used to expand the scope and scale of military violence. Chapters 1 and 3 explore the conception, growth, and maturation of psychological warfare in popular US political discourse during the Second World War and the early years of the Cold War respectively. By contrast, Chapters 2 and 4 show how actually existing US psychological warfare was waged in theatres of combat, first in the Second World War and subsequently in the counterinsurgency campaigns of the Vietnam War. I argue that these contrasting visions of psychological warfare, while ostensibly in conflict, in fact worked together to make US warfighting permissible and to sanitise its image in popular US political consciousness.

Finally, this book argues that the advent of psychological warfare transformed political imaginaries of national and international security. It shows that with the concept of psychological warfare emerges a new vision of security in which the contingent circulation of information (Dillon & Lobo-Guerrero 2008) is understood as a correlate of security both at the scale of population and at the scale of the individual. Put another way, the logic of psychological warfare transformed public opinion from a reflection of democratic political will into a militarised terrain on which the thoughts, feelings, and beliefs of the population became objects of war. Corresponding to this imaginative transformation, the status of the individual political subject is transformed from one of democratic citizenship in a political body to that of a *combatant*, either witting or unwitting, voluntary or involuntary. In short, psychological warfare claims to be a necessary and essential dimension of everyday life in which the 'knowing subject' becomes an object of war. This book therefore considers how psychological warfare produces in ordinary individuals a kind of 'obligation to know' (Foucault 2014b, 291) in which individuals are compelled to understand themselves not as political subjects engaged in forms democratic deliberation, but as subjects of war engaged in a form of continuous conflict in which the

individual must comport the contents of their inner life to meet the prerogatives of national security. Psychological warfare thus produces obligations for individuals not only to know particular facts about the world and world politics, but to cultivate a certain kind of self-knowledge, a mode of thinking about oneself in the context of an intractable and ubiquitous form of ideological conflict. More than just *what* we must know, psychological warfare tells us *who we must be* (Walker 1997).

In telling us who we must be, psychological warfare also in turn offers reassurances about who we are, expressed perhaps most vividly in its claim to be a humane, life-saving alternative to killing in war. In advancing its moral economy, psychological warfare tells those on whose behalf it is waged that it is done in a precise, humane, and civilised fashion (Zehfuss 2018). Psychological warfare thus involves more than a series of practices and techniques to strategically manipulate individuals abroad; it involves the production of political fictions about itself and about the nature and reality of warfare more broadly. More than an historical curiosity, these political fictions continue to animate the violence of war while also paradoxically disavowing it. On the United States' use of psychological warfare against the Taliban in the days prior to the 2001 invasion of Afghanistan, for example, *Time* magazine reported that in addition to 'raining terror from the skies, an elaborate psychological operation is fighting for the hearts and minds of Afghans' (Waller 2001). Weeks later, the BBC (2001) similarly reported that 'Taleban fighters are defecting as US-led air strikes continue', and that while the scale of this defection was unclear, coalition psychological warfare was 'doing its best to ensure that more desertions follow'. 'If an adversary's will to fight can be removed,' the BBC explained, 'it follows that lives will be saved.'

This episode illustrates Gregory's moral economy of bombing, but it also highlights the special role played by the logic of psychological warfare in inverting the meaning of bombing from a life-taking to a life-saving practice. In the early days of the United States' invasion of Iraq in 2003, the *Chicago Tribune* similarly articulated psychological warfare's paradoxical moral economy: 'the goal' it reported, 'is to avoid bloodshed by prompting the surrender of enemy troops' (Kilian 2003). Quoting retired Rear Admiral Stephen Baker, the *Tribune* continued that psychological warfare

> might save hundreds of thousands of lives on the Iraqi side and might save lives on the coalition side, and possibly not require us to hit a thousand targets on day four, five and six, just the first three days. (Kilian 2003)

If psychological warfare offers the promise of waging war without killing, it has helped animate political imaginaries of what critical scholars of war have called 'liberal warfare' (Dillon & Reid 2009; Duffield 2011; Evans 2011; Reid 2010, 2011) and its attendant humanitarian logic (Fassin 2007, 2011; Reid-Henry, 2014, 2015; Weizman 2011). As this book endeavours to show, however, psychological

warfare's humanitarian commitments remain a political fiction. Far from limiting the scope of military violence, psychological warfare has in fact enabled killing not only by making war more permissible but also by supplying the very rationale for killing itself, as detailed in Chapters 2 and 4 of this book.

Psychological warfare has nevertheless carried these fictions into the 21st century. During the second Battle of Fallujah in November 2004, US psychological warfare was touted as a humanitarian effort to avoid civilian casualties during the assault on the city. The claim was perhaps made in response to the widespread international publicity generated by mass civilian causalities during the first Battle of Fallujah in April 2004. As a leaked report from the US Army National Ground Intelligence Center (2004) noted, while the military outcome of the first assault on Fallujah was a 'foregone conclusion', it was also a 'political and informational battle whose outcome was far less certain'. As the report noted, scenes of death and destruction, especially on Arab satellite news channels, put pressure on the United States to halt military operations. As the US-backed Coalition Provisional Authority documented, Al Jazeera alone used the so-called 'excessive force theme' eleven times between 14 and 20 April. The leaked report went so far as to cite by name the Al Jazeera reporter Ahmed Mansour, who during the first week of April 'filmed scenes of dead babies from the hospital, presumably killed by Coalition air strikes' (US Army National Ground Intelligence Center 2004, 13).

If publicity surrounding civilian causalities was understood as a factor limiting the viability of military operations, during the second Battle of Fallujah US psychological warriors worked to reassert the permissibility of killing. To widespread applause in American media, US forces established a tight perimeter of checkpoints around the city of Fallujah, instructing women and children to evacuate through leaflet drops and loudspeaker addresses, classic media of modern battlefield psychological operations.[1] The move was hailed as an attempt to isolate insurgents and ensure that 'innocent civilians' were given the opportunity to evacuate the city, an apparent illustration of psychological warfare's life-saving mission. On the ground, however, a different picture emerged. While the perimeter allowed some women and children to leave, at least those for whom it was possible, checkpoints in effect *kept in* 'men of fighting age', who were categorically turned back at the perimeter's edge. Worse, the designation of 'fighting age' remained highly discretionary, with no fast lower limit. While US psychological warriors facilitated a limited evacuation of Fallujah, in practice the evacuation masked the transfiguration of Fallujah's civilian population into legitimate, killable targets. Contradicting immensely lower official figures, *Guardian* reporters estimated that between

[1] Headlines included the *New York Post*'s 'Fallujah D-Day Due: Women and Children Told to Evacuate' (Latham 2004); ABC News's (2004) 'US Tries to Spare Civilians in Fallujah'; and the Associated Press's 'US Warplanes Hit Fallujah; Leaflets Warn Civilians to Flee' (Krane 2004).

30,000 and 50,000 civilians remained in the city as the assault began (Monbiot 2005). It was an example of the durable contradictions that have defined psychological warfare's moral economy: state terror and collective punishment abroad presented to domestic audiences as evidence of humanitarian benevolence.

More than just making killing permissible, psychological warfare has long provided the very rationale for killing itself. In Chapter 2, I show how psychological warfare came to be tied to acts of killing, beginning with the practice of 'morale bombing' in the Second World War. Conceived as a way to depress the fighting and industrial capacity of enemy populations, 'morale bombing' updated punitive models of colonial 'air policing' with a social scientific gloss. In Chapter 4 I show how the logic of morale bombing was adapted to counterinsurgency warfare in Vietnam, where psychological warriors believed they could produce in their enemies 'the kind of weariness against which even courage and faith are often helpless' (JUSPAO 1965a). Reflecting the wider contradictions between the United States' use of punitive violence against civilians and apparent efforts to 'win hearts and minds', I show that psychological warfare has since its inception served as a rationale for expanding the scope and scale of military violence.

Contrary to its claims, however, 'morale bombing' and its descendants rarely if ever produced the stated goal of weakening the resolve of enemy soldiers and civilians. On the contrary, bombing has been shown to *strengthen* morale and to inspire hate, not despair, in the hearts of its victims. If US psychological warfare has been steeped in historical and ethical mythologies, this book also questions psychological warfare's ability to parlay social scientific expertise into levers of political power and social control. If the moral economy of psychological warfare depends on a picture of psychological warfare as *objective* – as a highly specialised, technical, and esoteric pursuit – this book challenges psychological warfare's claim to scientific accuracy and efficacy. It argues on the contrary that psychological warfare has produced a kind of 'social science fiction' about itself, a fiction in which it appears as a highly complex and rigorous technology for waging war. I show that while psychological warfare may have indeed succeeded in employing social scientists, there was often, sometimes by the scientists' own admission, little to back them up outside an air of perceived authority.

This too has defined political imaginations of psychological warfare in the 21st century. It was again 'while B-52s rain terror from the skies' that 'an elaborate psychological operation [was] fighting for the hearts and minds of Afghans' (Waller 2001). Profiling Fort Bragg's 4th Psychological Operations Group, which dropped over 18 million leaflets onto Afghanistan in the invasion's first two months, *Time* magazine described

> an eclectic organization like no other in the US Army, made up of 1,200 special ops soldiers, academics, linguists and marketing experts, whose weapons are words and images. (Waller 2001)

If General David Petraeus's 2006 *Counterinsurgency Field Manual* imagined counterinsurgency as the 'graduate level of warfare' (US Department of the Army, 2006), the idea of psychological warfare as an objective practice helped maintain the image of US counterinsurgency as a scientifically grounded enterprise. However, few US psychological warfare efforts paid tangible dividends. When it was not mired in scandal, the United States' Arabic-language Al Hurra television station, for example, commanded less than 0.5 per cent of audience preference across the Arab world's largest and most influential countries (Linzer 2009). According to one University of Maryland analyst, Al Hurra's ratings were so low that in 2009 they fell below the poll's margin of error (Linzer 2009). Despite costing more than $600 million between 2004 and 2009 alone, Al Hurra struggled to establish a line of communication to the Iraqi people.

In his study of early post-war Communication Studies research on psychological warfare, Christopher Simpson (1994, 65) observes what he calls the 'push button fantasies' of psychological war researchers in journals such as *Public Opinion Quarterly*. While the so-called 'hypodermic needle' model of frictionless persuasion has lost purchase in Communication Studies, it continues to pervade professional and popular imaginaries of psychological warfare. This book therefore sets out to trouble this image, to show its construction through appeals to authority in the social sciences, and to reveal the often shaky ground upon which the prestige of psychological warfare stands. While psychological warfare is often portrayed as a highly technical, expert enterprise, closer scrutiny reveals a simpler game of violent ultimatum. As the *Chicago Tribune* reported in the early days of the United States' invasion of Iraq, US psychological warfare was often based not on a complex matrix of social scientific technique but on a raw threat of violence. The *Tribune* described one psywar leaflet dropped over Baghdad, which read:

> Do not fire at coalition aircraft. If you choose to fire, you will be destroyed. Coalition forces will attack with overwhelming force. The choice is yours. (Kilian 2003)

More than guile or academic expertise, this example illustrates a US psychological warfare driven by the threat of violence – not by a persuasive battle for 'hearts and minds', but through coercive gestures designed to terrify and intimidate. It was, moreover, a typical psychological warfare effort insofar as it sought to produce in its target a specific action or behaviour. In the terms of its moral economy, it reflected the 'law-fulness' of psychological warfare, an effort to produce order and 'impose law on the lawless'. As discussed further in Chapter 4's analysis of US psychological warfare in Vietnam, it has been a long-held dream of US psychological warriors to produce governable subjects through the administration of violence. While populations have been crucial objects for intervention by psychological warriors, the individual has remained a privileged object of psychological warfare theory and practice. This emphasis on the individual, I argue, reflects

psychological warfare's aspiration to a kind of liberal governmentality. Whatever its contradictions, the leaflet's injunction for its subject to 'choose' between life and death is consistent with this aspiration to subjugate individual targets on a stilted axis of personal and individual choice.

If US psychological warfare's dream of creating, as Matt Farish has put it, 'new, modern persons in an alien space' has run up against the contradictions of US foreign policy, creating governable subjects at home has been a more achievable task (Farish 2010, 137). While this book aims to challenge the myth of psychological warfare's frictionless efficacy, it is nevertheless the case that psychological warfare efforts aimed inward at the US public have been largely more successful than those aimed abroad at the populations of geopolitical rivals. On this account, Chapter 3 details a covert US psychological warfare operation, not against foreign publics or leaders, but against ordinary Americans during the formative years of the Cold War by the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA). While Radio Free Europe is today understood as an overt arm of US public diplomacy, its origins as a covert programme run by the CIA are largely overlooked in public memory. In the CIA's (2007, n.p.) own estimation, however, its effort to deceive Americans about Radio Free Europe's true origins was 'one of the longest running and successful covert action campaigns ever mounted by the United States'. This success was driven in part by the CIA's social and professional access to elite figures in business, government, and especially publishing, radio, and broadcast. The case study again highlights the importance of geography for psychological warfare: it was on the domestic front, not in hostile theatres of war, that US psychological warriors operated with greatest ease.

1

‘A New Geography of Defense’

> *Propaganda was often talked about as though it were a magical force emancipated from the limitations of time, place, and figure … We know that propagandists are socialized in bodies politics whose specific contextual features set limits on potential perception, imagination, and behavior, and that propagandists seek to influence audiences whose socialization is similarly circumscribed.*
>
> (Lasswell 1927)

Psychological warfare did not arise out of nowhere. While it appeared almost overnight in the pages of the American press in the summer of 1940, understanding its sudden emergence requires careful attention to the political and historical context in which it unfolded. Amid the geopolitical uncertainty of the conclusion of the 1939 ‘phoney war’, with France under German control and Britain on the back foot, the spectre of psychological warfare appeared in US political discourse. It was said to be a new and unprecedented form of war, waged by Germany at a distance, often unbeknownst to those it attacked. While the issue of propaganda was familiar to all who had experienced the Great War, psychological warfare purported to be something *different*: not just the ruses, deceptions, and sabre-rattling of committees on information, but a new and scientifically calibrated weapon for controlling the thoughts, beliefs, and opinions of civilians in enemy countries.

Such a weapon, of course, did not exist; however, the construction of German psychological warfare in the US press and academy served as a pretext for persuading reticent Americans to intervene in what many believed was ‘Europe’s war’. Perhaps ironically, the picture of German psychological warfare presented in US political discourse was itself a kind of propaganda, replete with exaggerated and often fabricated claims about new and scientifically derived forms of manipulation and influence from abroad. Though psychological warfare would soon become an integrated if contested feature of the Second World War, its appearance in US political discourse between 1940 and 1942 is best understood as a kind of social-science *fiction*, what one Office of Strategic Services (OSS) agent dramatised as

'scientific knowledge of the inner forces which determine opinion and control nerves' (Taylor 1941). Despite its fantastic existence, the spectre of psychological warfare nonetheless gave birth to a new geopolitical imaginary in which the security of populations became tied to new ideas about 'psychological defence' that were both national and personal in scope. Drawing upon popular anxieties concerning the threat of foreign infiltration and domestic fifth columns, the idea of psychological warfare transformed into matters of war the political beliefs and opinions of ordinary citizen, as well as the circulation of news and information that produced them.

This chapter tells the story of the concerted group of individuals and organisations that scripted the drama of German psychological warfare in the United States between 1940 and 1942. Drawn from the ranks of American journalists and intellectuals, these individuals revolved around the offices of William 'Wild Bill' Donovan, the so-called father of central intelligence, during the formative months of his first intelligence organisation, the Office of the Coordinator of Information (CoI). While the CoI's successor agencies – the OSS, founded in 1942, and the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), founded in 1947 – have been well treated by historians, less has been written on the formative history of Donovan's CoI, and even less on the specific role that the psychological war scare played within it. This chapter details the largely forgotten history of a propaganda campaign about propaganda campaigns, and the strange circumstances under which psychological warfare came about in the United States.

Academic treatments of psychological warfare exist primarily in two primary contexts: its place within the broader militarisation of the Cold War social sciences (Farish 2007, 2010; Pinkerton *et al.* 2011), and the revival of the Cold War 'battle for hearts and minds' during the 21st century's 'war on terror' (Anderson 2011; Belcher 2012; Ek 2000; Gregory 2008). Critical emphasis remains on the Cold War (Robin 2003; Solovey 2013), and students of both Psychology (Herman 1995) and Communication (Mattelart 1994; Simpson 1994) have written accounts of their field's involvement in psychological war research and practice. While it is generally accepted that modern understandings of 'psychological warfare' coalesced around the Second World War and the formalisation of its wartime propaganda activities, little attention has been given to the specific circumstances under which the term entered the American lexicon in the years prior to US entry into the Second World War.

By contrast, post-war efforts to formalise its theory and doctrine attempted to naturalise psychological warfare into conventional military histories. Written in partnership with Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies, Office of War Information (OWI) veteran Paul Linebarger's (1948) *Psychological Warfare* became a foundational text, citing Gideon's ruse against the Midianites in the Old Testament as the first known use of psychological

warfare. Linebarger reimaged historical figures as 'psychological warriors', including the Athenian general Themistocles, Chinese emperor Wang Mang, Genghis Kahn, and Thomas Paine. Beginning in 1953, The US Army also contracted Johns Hopkins University's Operations Research Office to produce three definitive volumes, beginning with *The Nature of Psychological Warfare* by Wilbur Schramm, another OWI veteran and a pioneer of Communication Studies.[1] Schramm (1953, 5) reproduced Linebarger's vignettes on psychological warfare's ancient origins, claiming that 'nations have been waging it since there have been nations'.

This chapter opposes these post-war naturalisations and 'searches for origins' (Foucault 1977a) by accounting for the specific and contingent circumstances under which psychological warfare, and the *idea* of psychological warfare, emerged in the United States between 1940 and 1942. While deception, coercion, and persuasion may be 'as old as nations', the emergence of psychological warfare in these years was the result of a concerted effort stressing not its antiquity and timelessness, but its radical *novelty* as 'Hitler's frightful weapon' (Taylor 1941). An episode on the eve of the Pearl Harbor attack illustrates the fevered pitch that pronouncements on psychological warfare had taken by the end of 1941. In a speech to a civics club in Madison, Wisconsin, Nelson Rockefeller warned his audience of the 'new kind of psychological war' being waged by Germany in the western hemisphere. In his capacity as Roosevelt's Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs – the United States' propaganda outlet to South America – Rockefeller issued a warning about German psychological war: total war, he argued, affected not just armies but 'all people and nations in their entirety'. The new reality of psychological war, he claimed, demanded not only material but also 'spiritual, moral and mental forces'. The need was unprecedented, he claimed, due to Germany's 'perfection of the methods of psychological warfare', to which he credited German victories in France, Norway, and Sweden. Psychological warfare, Rockefeller insisted, had created '*a new geography of defense*' (*New York Times*, 7 December 1941, emphasis mine).

This chapter grapples with the meaning and significance of the 'new geography' of psychological warfare. It argues that more than a transformation of the territorial or physical landscapes of war, this new geography was largely an *imaginative* one that placed the ordinary citizen at the centre of vast and sprawling geopolitical intrigue. It attends to the strange beginnings of 'psychological warfare' in the United States, first by detailing the construction of its 'new geography of defense' by the journalists and intellectuals surrounding Donovan

[1] Founded in 1948 at Johns Hopkins University under contract with the US Army, the Operations Research Office (ORO) was among the first centres to refine the field of operations research, which relied heavily on mathematical modelling of and applying principles of scientific management to military operations. See Farish (2010, 136).

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"What ye doin' hyar, ye game warden spy?" growled Big Gabe, lifting his fist, as though tempted to strike the boy; but at least Amos did not quail; he looked the other straight in the eye as he replied:

"I was trackin' around in hopes of findin' a bee tree for the boys; but just concludin' to give it up and head for camp, when this deer dropped. Somebody shot her, but I didn't see who fired, so it ain't any of my business."

"Oh! it ain't, hey?" roared Gabe, "wall then, I'll make it yer business," and with that he placed the repeating gun so close to the deer that when he fired the sound was so muffled that it could not possibly have carried any great distance; which was why those in the camp heard no third discharge.

"What'd ye do that for?" demanded Crawley, who was a tough looking old customer, weaker in disposition, perhaps, than Big Gabe, but, Amos believed, every inch as much a rascal.

"So he'd have a hand in downin' the deer," said the big poacher, with a cunning leer. "Now he dasn't peach on us, Jared, 'cause Amos, he's in the same fix himself. And say, this leetle gun handles great. I jest been a lookin' fur somebody ter make me a present o' a six shooter like this."

"Well," said Amos, stoutly, "I guess you're off your trolley about that gun. Nobody ain't giving it to you. It belongs to my friend, Teddy Overton, and he's carried it so long he wouldn't let it go for a heap."

"Oh! he wudn't, eh?" growled Big Gabe, frowning.

"And you know what his father is; he ain't afraid of any man or any Lumber Trust on earth. Well, the boy's a chip of the old block. You try to keep his gun, and see what happens to you. I guess you'll think some black hornets are singin' around your head in no time."

Perhaps it was wrong for Amos to taunt the poacher after this fashion. But then Big Gabe, being at the time in a nasty, reckless humor, the chances are he would hardly have backed down anyhow, once he put his hand to the plow.

He looked at Amos reflectively.

"Say, them fellers think a heap o' ye, I guess, mebbe, Amos?" he remarked.

"They're mighty fine boys," admitted the other, falling into the trap.

"And like as not," continued the poacher, a grim smile beginning to creep over his red face, "if they thort as how you was hurted or lost, now, that Overton boy and the Bradley one, son o' Mark Bradley the rich manufacturer, would sally out, and try to find ye. Ain't thet so, Amos?"

Amos knew it was. But he declined to commit himself. Truth to tell, a terrible fear had suddenly taken possession of him. Evidently these two desperate lawless men had been talking over some wild scheme that had for its main object the demand on Mr. Overton or Mr. Bradley, for ransom money, after the two sons of the wealthy men had been made prisoners.

Once the ransom was in their hands no doubt the two men had in mind an asylum across the lake in Canada.

That was why a dreadful fear suddenly sealed the lips of Amos. But Big Gabe read his answer in the look of alarm that shot athwart the boy's face. He laughed harshly, and then went on to say:

"Git busy an' cut up the deer, Amos, none o' yer puttin' on airs now or I'll be tempted to use that on ye," and he lifted one of his tremendous fists that had knocked scores of men down in the days when Big Gabe "ruled the roost" as the bully of the logging camp.

Amos was no fool. He could be discreet as well as brave. And truth to tell, a wild desire now began to seize upon him to learn in some fashion just what the plans of these two conspirators might be, in order that he could make them come to naught, and save his chums.

By running away he would lose all chance of finding this out. And besides, he was apt to take unnecessary risks, because he honestly believed Gabe would shoot after him, using the shot gun in order to simply lame him.

And then, there was Teddy's prized gun—how could he have the face to go back to camp and tell how that had been plucked from his hands without his being able to make the least resistance?

So Amos making the best of a bad bargain, took out his knife, got down on his knees beside the slain deer, and started to cut the carcass up. The two men sat there on the log Amos had recently vacated, watching his labors, and occasionally exchanging a remark, generally to the effect of how enjoyable it was to have some one to do all the dirty work.

This was no new business to the woods boy. He pretended not to pay any attention to what was said by the men. But he saw that Hackett kept the Marlin gun across his knees all the while, allowing his own old weapon to lie unheeded on the ground.

"Now tie up all them parts in the skin, so ye kin tote 'em, Amos," ordered the despot, when the boy announced that he had taken all the choice portions.

There was nothing to do but grin and bear it, though Amos doubtless thought his lines had fallen in anything but pleasant places.

"Pick her up!" ordered Big Gabe, as he arose, tucked Teddy Overton's gun under one arm, and his own under the other. "We got about two miles ter kiver; an' me 'n Jarda here, bein' kinder rusty in the j'ints, ain't as well able ter pack loads acrost kentry as when we was young an' nimble guides. Head straight into the south, Amos. And I hopes as how ye're too sensible ter think of tryin' ter run away, 'cause I'd hate to pepper ye with this ere scatter gun; but I swear I will if so be he tries to skin out."

Amos knew the man, and he believed him. So for various reasons he decided not to make any attempt at flight—just then, at any rate.

He wondered where they were taking him. Somewhere or other they must have a camp. Then he remembered Big Gabe mentioning the fact that Crawley had a cabin somewhere.

"I wonder if it could be that old place they used to say was haunted?" Amos was whispering to himself, as he walked along, now

turning a little to the right, and again to the left as his captor directed, and often the butt of coarse ridicule on the part of Big Gabe, who thought the boy was only a little coward, after all.

He did not dream what was passing through the mind of Amos.

After a while the boy felt sure they must be making for the cabin of which he had heard more or less talk, but which he had never seen.

And sure enough, when the sun was only half way down toward the horizon they came in sight of an old cabin, nestled in the midst of the wildest growth of bush; as though Nature was trying hard to heal the scar made by man's hand.

"Hello! thar, Sallie, open up!" shouted old Crawley; and somewhat to the astonishment of Amos, the cabin door opened to reveal the slender figure of a girl about the twelve years of age—a girl with tawny golden hair, a rather small, pallid face, and the biggest blue eyes he had ever seen in any one.

CHAPTER XIII

SALLIE

Amos was taken aback when he saw the girl standing there in the doorway of the old cabin in the pine woods.

He had supposed that when he set that greasy old ruffian, Crawley, down as a vagabond, without a single good quality in his make-up, he was only doing him justice and to discover that he actually had a decent trait in his miserable character, was quite enough to shake Amos's faith in his own ability to read men.

This was when he saw Crawley actually bend down and kiss the girl. It made Amos shudder, too, somehow, when he thought of those tobacco stained lips coming in contact with the red ones of the frail girl.

At any rate, Amos thought, if this were his child, she surely could not have any of Crawley's nature in her; for he looked the drinking scoundrel the boy knew him to be, while somehow Amos thought of angels he had seen in dreams when he saw her yellow hair and big blue eyes.

So this was Sallie! She seemed somewhat surprised to see a boy with the two men and turned those big eyes reproachfully upon Crawley, which action somehow caused him to squirm uneasily, and say hastily:

"Oh! we ain't a-goin' to kill the little fool, Sallie. All we wants is ter keep him close here a few days, so he can't meddle in other people's bizness. Ye see, it ain't safe for greenies ter be aroamin' the woods, when fellers is ahuntin'. They don't know how ter handle highfalutin' guns, an' are apt to do damage ter pore hard workin' root gatherers like Gabe 'n me. Set that meat down in a corner, ye gump, an' don't stant thar astarin' at my Gal. Sallie, sense ye got sech a fine fire, I reckon we might's well cut off some o' this fresh mutton, and make a meal o' it. Gabe, spose ye keep one eye on our new friend hyar, an' if he tries ter vamose, wing him."

The girl said nothing, but she evidently understood that these two evil men had some wicked game in prospect. Amos saw her shoot a pitying glance toward him, and somehow he was not sorry that he had been brought to that cabin.

Of course, the presence of that splendid repeating rifle made her think the young owner must be well to do, and she knew from experience that such people always had a certain stamp of value in the eyes of her unscrupulous parent, who was forever trying to collect the living he said the world owed him.

Amos had by this time recovered from his great surprise and was beginning to wonder whether he might not sooner or later reap some benefit from this new situation.

The girl looked as though she could not possibly enter into any of the wicked plans of her father and his equally unprincipled partner; perhaps Amos might prevail upon her to even set him free, once the chance presented itself.

And the more the boy looked upon the slender little figure, almost pitiful in comparison with the bulky frames of the men, or even his own stocky form, the less he found to regret in his apparently desperate situation.

Why, he had never imagined that such a sweet child existed; for in all his experience he could not remember having looked upon a face that appealed so to the best that was in him as Sallie's seemed to do.

Boy-like, he wondered what she thought of him. He knew that his appearance could not be very prepossessing, especially after carrying that meat so long.

Now and then he saw her glance curiously at him. When she was not looking Amos ran his fingers through his hair. He even stepped over to a tin basin that held some water, and washed his hands. The sight of spots of dried blood on them disturbed him. Somehow, he thought she might not like to see it.

Sallie went about her task of cooking the fresh venison with the air of one who knew all about the little wrinkles connected with such work; no doubt she had prepared her father's meals for a considerable time, perhaps since her mother died.

The man she called father was an ugly citizen when aroused, or drinking; and Amos found himself wondering whether he ever descended so low as to actually strike this child, when the brute nature was on top.

Somehow the very thought of such a thing gave the boy a cold chill. He found himself shutting his teeth hard together, and muttering to himself what he would do in case he ever happened to see that heavy fist raised to strike that patient face, in which the eyes shone as Amos had seen them in an innocent fawn; only hers were blue like the skies, instead of hazel.

At least he could see no sign of any mark or bruise about her face, and the man really seemed to entertain some sort of affection for the girl, the more remarkable because no one would ever suspect him of being capable of any such feeling.

When early supper was ready, they sat down at a rude table, a couple of benches supplying seats for all.

Amos found himself opposite the girl, and of course he could not help keeping his eyes upon her a good deal of the time. She was the only object worth attention; and the two rough featured poachers looked like beings from another world beside Sallie.

The men talked little, and then it was of ordinary subjects. Evidently they did not mean to discuss any secrets while the other

two were alongside.

From time to time, though, Gabe would ask him something in connection with his camp mate, Dolph Bradley. While the woods boy might have felt like declining to supply them with the information they wished, a glance into the red eyes, and the scowling face of his questioner, was enough to convince him that such defiance would only be the height of folly. So he answered as best he could.

Sallie seemed to be taking more interest in him as the rude meal progressed. She even spoke to him once, asking if he would like to have some more of the meat, or some stew from the big iron pot.

If Amos missed the splendid "Kababs," which Dolph knew so well how to prepare, as he had eaten it in canoeists' camps, he at least had no reason to complain on the score of hunger; for he ate most heartily; showing that it takes something more than the shadow of possible coming trouble to seriously affect the appetite of a healthy boy.

After the meal Gabe stood in the doorway of the cabin smoking his pipe, and apparently listening, as though he half expected to hear something.

While he stood there he laughed as though pleased. Amos, too, had been keeping his keen ears on the alert, and he also caught the three gunshots fired by Dolph at the suggestion of Teddy.

Amos was a little surprised that they could hear the shots, which seemed to come from the quarter where the men had shot the doe, and captured him. It gave him additional reason to believe that in coming to the cabin they had for some reason or other followed a more or less circuitous route.

Pretty soon, then, these wretches would be setting their trap to catch one or both of his friends.

Would he be helpless to prevent the springing of the same?

Amos, filled with a new zeal, began to observe everything about him, with the idea of utilizing the knowledge later on, when perhaps it might prove valuable. He marked the position of the open window; saw where the men placed their guns; figured in his mind just how

many steps it was to the door; noted how this same barrier seemed to be secured with a stout bar; and in numerous other ways fortified himself for action, with a view to outwitting his enemies, should so much as half a chance arise.

And whenever he thought of Teddy, somehow he could not despair; for in this time of trouble the lumberman's wide awake son seemed to be a tower of strength. Why, Amos even begun to pluck up hope that he might even be able to outwit these plotters at their own game.

He felt that the two boys must have started out to look for him; those three shots told that much. Remembering the ability of Teddy especially as a woodsman, Amos believed they would experience little difficulty in following his trail up to the place of his encounter with the poachers.

From that point Hackett had made sure that the job would be easy. He meant to "toll" the other boys into a trap, just as a little barking dog is used by gunners along the Chesapeake Bay, to gambol on the sand, and so excite the curiosity of beds of ducks that they keep pushing in a little further to observe, until within reach of the death dealing guns.

Would his chums wait until morning before taking action?

Amos knew better.

If they headed toward the cabin, following the trail by the aid of torchlight, or using the lantern, why they might arrive inside of a few hours.

It was dark outside now.

The girl had lighted a candle, and this, with the fire, dimly illuminated the interior of the cabin.

The two men were huddled over by the door, talking in low tones. Amos would have been glad to have caught a part of what they were saying, and even did incline his ear that way; but their voices only sounded like a rumble, and he soon gave up all hope of hearing anything worth while.

Then he became aware of the fact that the girl, washing her few dishes at the table near by, was observing him with something like a glance of amusement in her blue eyes.

Amos forgot his own troubles for the time being. He only wished Sallie might take a notion to come a little closer, so he could talk with her.

It would seem as though his desire must have impressed itself upon his face in some way, for sure enough, Sallie did edge in his direction, still busy with her dish pan, and the suspicious looking crockery that had served them at supper.

She cast a quick glance toward her father, as if to see whether either of the men were paying the slightest attention. But they seemed to be "head over ears" interested in what they were discussing.

"Won't you take pity on me, Sallie and talk a little?" said Amos, in a low tone. "Who are you, anyway?"

She smiled back at Amos as she replied swiftly:

"Why, Sallie Crawley, don't you know?"

"Is Crawley your real, true dad?" the boy went on to ask.

"Why, yes, of course; don't you know that?" she answered.

"I never heard he ever had a wife or child, when he used to work in the lumber camp; and least of all, a girl like you," Amos went on, growing a little bolder.

"Well, he has," she replied. "I'm like my mother used to be, because she had yellow hair and blue eyes, dad says. He often looks at me kinder queer, and shakes his head. I guess I make him think he sees her again."

"Does he take you around everywhere with him?" Amos next asked.

"Oh! no. Sometimes now I stay with my grandmother at the Soo. But dad, he gets lonely once in a while, and comes after me. I always go, 'cause I promised *her* I'd never, never give him up. And then, dad, he hates to cook for himself—all men do, I guess."

"But Crawley has a pretty hard reputation—excuse me for saying it, Sallie—he's an awful rough man, at best. Are you happy with him?"

She hesitated before replying to this. Amos could see a shadow cross her thin face; but evidently pride must have come to the rescue, for presently she tossed her yellow mane back and said:

"Why, I s'pose so—least ways as happy as I ought to expect. There is just heaps of trouble in this world, anyhow, whichever way you take it, and everybody must just grin and bear it. Dad is good to me—sometimes. Then he's ugly too; but that's only when he's been having too much whiskey. That's an awful thing to change a man. I hope you don't drink it, boy."

"Not a drop for me, as long as I live," declared Amos. "But see here, Sallie, it ain't fair for me to know your name, and you to just call me 'boy'. I'm Amos Simmons, and I've been in the lumber camps of Northern Michigan, cookin', and doing all what-not, for just years. Now, I've got a couple of mighty fine chums not far away, one of them named Teddy Overton, and the other Dolph Bradley."

She uttered a little exclamation.

"I've met Teddy Overton once; he's a splendid boy," she said, hastily.

"Well, I guess that's just right," remarked Amos. "Now, you see the other, Dolph, he's from Cincinnati. Everybody knows that his father's rich. Why, they've got oodles of money. I kind o' think your dad and Gabe, there, know it; and right now they're a hatching some measly plan expectin' to separate Dolph's folks from a lot of that spare cash. And that's the reason they pulled me in like they did."

He kept one eye on the men while saying this.

The girl looked surprised.

"Oh! then it ain't *you* they're meaning to hold up?" she asked.

Amos chuckled, as though amused at the idea.

"Precious little good I'd do them," he said. "They might keep me till their hair turned white, and nobody'd pay a nickel for lettin' me

go free. But they're sharp, I tell you, Sallie. They know them boys are bound to look for me. Don't you see, it's going to be a trap, and I'm the bait. And unless you or me warn the boys, they're just bound to tumble right into it!"

Amos watched her thin face closely when he advanced this "feeler," as he chose to call it. Sallie started, and looked very serious.

"Me?" she said, slowly.

"Why, yes," Amos went on, "you wouldn't want to see a nice feller like my friend Dolph, kept here like he was a dog, would you, Sallie; till somebody sent on some money? If he could be warned, I guess, with Teddy's help, he might manage to keep clear of the trap."

"But—what are you saying, boy—you want me to stand up agin dad, and upset his game? My! but he'd be awful mad," she said, reflectively; and her face looked as careworn as that of a grown woman, Amos thought.

"Well, it might save him from going to prison, that's all," he said, "and I guess you wouldn't like that to happen to him."

"Oh! no, of course not. You see, boy, I promised mother to stand by dad right along, and try to get him to quit drinkin' and being tough. He could be decent if he just let that stuff alone, and kept away from that Gabe Hackett. When him and me are alone, and he ain't got no drink, he's good. I keep hopin' and hopin'; but it's terrible hard work. I sure don't know how it's goin' to end. Sometimes I'm afraid of what he does."

There was a almost whimper in her voice, that cut the boy cruelly.

"He don't hit you, I hope, Sallie?" he said, glancing in the direction of the two men.

"Oh! no," she answered, quickly, "not that. He started to do it a few times, but I just stood there and looked at him, like my poor mother did that last time he struck her; and he just can't do it, you see. But now you won't want me to go agin him. Do you think it's right to ask a girl to do that, when it's her own father?"

"Yes," said Amos boldly, "if he was sick and the doctor told you to give him some bitter medicine that'd make him well, you'd sure do it, no matter what your dad said. Well, you're goin' to save him this way, you know."

"Yes, yes," she breathed, putting a hand to her breast, as if the conflict of emotions almost overpowered her, "*she* did the same more'n once, broke his bottle to save him; and that was why he hit her."

"Was she sorry that she done it?" asked Amos, craftily.

"I know she said, when she came to again, after lyin' there a whole hour, with me a cryin' my eyes out, believin' her dead—she said she'd do it again whenever she had the chance, if he killed her for it. She believed she'd been sent to try and *save* dad—poor little mother, she never lived to see the day."

Amos was feeling somewhat remorseful about thus working upon her feelings; but he really believed he was doing the best thing for everybody.

"Then her duty has come down to you, Sallie," he went on to say. "If this crazy scheme goes through, you can just bet your dad will end his days locked up in jail. Now, by playing a little trick on Gabe Hackett you can upset his plan and save your father. Anyhow, you know it's Gabe's idea, and he's just dragging your weak dad into it."

Amos winced a little when saying this but he felt that the end justified the means. Crawley had the word "rascal" written all over his face, and apparently it required very little persuading to "drag" him into any scheme that promised easy money.

Sallie seemed to ponder over what the boy had suggested.

"Yes, it's sure my duty to save him, even if I has to seem agin him. That was what my mother said to me. Amos Simmons, I guess you're right. I'd die if my dad was sent to jail. He ain't never been there yet, you know. What do you want me to do, boy?" and she shivered, as if her resolution was made.

"Wait and see," whispered Amos, "two of us ought to be able to beat a pair like that. They're only bunglers, anyway. I'm dependin'

on you, girl, remember. When Teddy Overton comes, you'll be right glad you promised to help. You've heard of his dad, the head of the big lumber company, ain't you? But laugh a little, Sallie, 'cause Gabe, he's watchin' us like a hawk, right now. It wouldn't be good for us if he thought we was hatchin' up a way to pull the wool over his eyes. Laugh, and make out as how I was sayin' something funny like."

Sallie understood, and played her part so well that Hackett, who had been growing suspicious at seeing them with their heads together as if in confidential conversation, seemed satisfied that all was well, for he went on with his argument.

And so the minutes crept on. An hour had passed since they heard those three shots. The boys must be on the trail, and presently Gabe and Crawley would be considering it high time they set their trap. And yet Amos had not been able to figure out just how he was going to prevent the capture from taking place.

CHAPTER XIV

DOLPH HEARS ABOUT THE HAUNTED CABIN

Teddy Overton busied himself for several minutes around the spot where they could easily see, a deer had been butchered.

Dolph watched his chum eagerly, now and then casting an uneasy glance toward the scene of the late tragedy; as though the mutilated remains of the deer might tell the story, if only gifted with the power of speech.

One thing was already evident. The tracks of the two lawless poachers told that their comrade must have run up against some sort of snag, in his quest for a bee tree; and the secret of his failure to return to camp was not hard to guess.

Teddy seemed to have finally made up his mind, for he approached his friend.

"Well, have you found out what happened?" asked Dolph, eagerly.

"Yes, he's a prisoner, all right," the other replied.

"Gabe and Crawley responsible, I take it?" questioned Dolph.

"No other. They shot this deer out of season. Amos happened to see them do it. Because they're afraid he'll inform the game warden of this district, or because of some other reason, they concluded to take our chum along with them."

"But what business have they making any respectable person a prisoner? Why, those men would rob a trapper's *cache* of his pelts—they'd steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes. They've got some sort of a game up their sleeve, I guess and you're on to it, Teddy; I can see it in your face."

"Yes, I think I can see through a millstone that's got a hole in it," replied the lumberman's son and heir, grimly. "It's a risky one too all right. I knew Hackett was getting down grade pretty fast but I never thought he'd be so desperate as to try and kidnap a fellow, to hold him for ransom. He must be pretty near the end of his rope."

Dolph laughed, as though amused.

"What, is that their little dodge?" he exclaimed. "Well, they sure have gone and barked up the wrong tree, that time. Why, Amos hasn't got a relative in the wide world that he knows about, you told me. It's your good dad that's going to send him to school, and give him the chance to study for being a doctor later on. What silly notion possessed them to ever lug him off? That Hackett must be going into his dotage, I just guess."

"Hold on, Dolph, perhaps not, when you look into their nice little game a bit further. Amos hasn't any cash, himself, but he's got a friend who thinks a heap of him, and whose daddy might put up ransom money. That friend is myself, you know?"

"I see," muttered Dolph, a little uneasily, "not so dull a game after all."

"They may have even a better card up their sleeve," continued Teddy, "I notice that when they left here those men took no pains to cover up their tracks. Fact is, it looks to me as they might be just *inviting* us to follow. That would indicate just one thing—that Amos was carried off to hold him as a bait to trap somebody else—you and me. Once they had the lot of us, you see they could send Amos to make terms for our surrender."

"Whew! you give me a bad feeling, Teddy; but honest now, it does sound reasonable like. I wouldn't put it past that big Gabe Hackett. I remember now, how he kept looking at me, queerlike, out

of the comer of his eye. But this is a desperate affair. Do you think they'd dare try such a job? If caught it would mean a long jail sentence."

"That's so, but Hackett is getting more reckless about consequences, right along. Like enough he figures on skipping across to Canada once he gets hold of a good bunch of the long green. You can be sure, Dolph, this is a trap laid for us."

"Then we'd be silly to fall into the same, I take it," declared the other.

"We certainly won't, if we know it," declared Teddy. "We'll take up the trail, and see if we can get our chum out of their hands; but let us never forget that we 're up against a pair of prime woodsmen, who know pretty much all the tricks of the trade. And while we follow the trail we must arrange it so they can't lay hands on both of us. You're the one they want most, I take it, Dolph. I rather think Gabe would hesitate a little to hold me, because he knows what my dad can be, once he's roused up. It's getting dark, and we'll have to use the lantern. So while I go ahead, to follow the trail, do you hang back, just so far, with your scatter gun ready to pepper the rascals, if they show up."

"All right," said Dolph, seriously, "I want to say right now that I think your little plan's a good one. The sooner we start the better. Amos, poor fellow, will be thinking we mean to desert him. Lead on, Teddy, and tell me just how far you want me to fall back."

Now, in all probability Dolph had never fired a shot at a human being in all his young life. The idea was more or less abhorrent to him; it did not appeal to him at all. But he came of soldier stock. Some of his people had borne an illustrious part in all the wars of the country from the time of the Revolution down to the unpleasantness with Spain, in which his father had served as a colonel.

When the test really came, doubtless Dolph would not be found lacking in those essential qualities that had distinguished his forebears.

As soon as Teddy called out the one word "come," he started after him, and managed from that moment to keep just so far in the rear that his presence could not be easily discovered by any observer.

In this way, then, was the pursuit taken up.

Teddy had little trouble about sticking to the plain trail. He could have covered the ground twice as fast, had he not been keeping an eye constantly ahead, fearing some sort of ambush.

So the better part of an hour passed. By this time an idea had come to the one who was doing the trailing. It happened that the old, long abandoned cabin once used by fur gatherers, was known to Teddy Overton. And now he began to feel confident that the trail was leading toward that spot.

Accordingly he signaled to Dolph to approach.

"I feel dead sure I know where they're heading for," he said as the other drew up. "And it might save considerable time if we struck out straight for the old cabin instead of following their trail. And besides," he added, "perhaps we'll escape a trap by springing this surprise on Gabe and Crawley."

"Old cabin, you say?" repeated Dolph, "whoever lived there, Teddy?"

"Some trappers, many years ago. There's a dark story told about a tragedy that happened there. One trapper went crazy, they said, from too much strong drink. He killed his companions, and froze to death himself. They were found there in the Spring by some timber cruisers, looking for new lands up here. Nobody has ever lived there since. Now and then some wanderer has put in a night in the cabin, but they say it's haunted; and that those trappers' spirits come back to fight over again their long ago battles. I was at the cabin once, in the day time, though. A lot of ugly bats flew out. We didn't see any spirits, either. But then, I don't think I'd care to stay a week in that ramshackle old hut."

"Well of all things, a haunted cabin take the cake," declared Dolph. "Now, I'd just like to play ghost, for once, and give those

fellows a scare that'd make their hair stand up on end."

"Shall we make a bee line for the hut, as I said?" asked Teddy.

"Sure. You're the captain of this relief expedition. Whatever you say for me to do I'll try and carry out, you understand, Teddy."

"Good enough. And I'll warrant you never dreamed of such a business as this when you helped me map out our little canoe trip across the neck of Michigan to White Fish Bay and perhaps the Pictured Rocks, eh, Dolph?"

The other fairly snorted his disgust.

"Well, I should think not," he remarked; "and who would? Why, if I'd been over in Greece, or Spain, or Italy, I might have guessed that something of the kind would have turned up; but away up in this Michigan wilderness—well, it faizes me, all right. But then, I reckon human nature's pretty much the same all over the world. The temptation to get hold of the mighty dollar makes men do heaps of queer stunts, I don't care whether they're white, red, black or yellow. Now, I guess you're intending to sneak around, and creep up to this same haunted cabin by the rear route?"

"Yes, that's the game," replied Teddy.

"That is, while these two poacher chaps are lying in a snug little ambush at some point along their own trail, why, we can be spying on the cabin on our own account?" Dolph went on to remark.

"You're on, I see," chuckled the other.

"It looks good to me," Dolph continued, reflectively. "As I said before, tell me what to do, and I'll carry it out to the letter."

"I hope we won't have to get to the fighting stage of the game," Teddy remarked, as they kept pushing forward in a direct line; "but if we do I know I can depend on you to back me up. There are other ways to win out. Well, here goes to douse the glim."

He blew the lantern out and hung it on the branch of a tree he marked.

"I can find it again given half a chance," he said; "and now we've got to do the rest of it in the dark."

Through the silent pine woods they crept like shadows, flitting from tree to tree.

Now and then Teddy would pause to listen, for caution had become second nature with the boy and he did not mean to lead his friend into trouble, if he knew it. But no sound came to their ears, at least nothing that would indicate the presence of human beings near.

Then through the trees they caught the gleam of a light, which, from its steady character they believed must come from the small window of a cabin.

CHAPTER XV

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Dolph could not but watch the actions of his camp mate with considerable curiosity and satisfaction, at this stage of the game.

Teddy had had more or less experience in woodcraft, and long ago learned many of the lessons so essential in the make-up of a clever still hunter. To him the leaves of the forest spoke as eloquently as printed pages in a book did to the other canoe cruiser. He could read the language of the trail, and discover a score of valuable things, from signs that would never be noticed by ordinary eyes or at least deemed of no importance.

When an observing lad has spent considerable time in these Northern woods, the voices of Nature speak to him in the wailing of the wind whispering secrets as it stirs the branches of the pines; he hears another story in the thunder tones of the rushing rapids; the crash of the summer storm; the whisper of sunrise; the chatter of the little woods folks excited over his presence in their favorite haunts—he learns by degrees to match his wits against their cunning, and to discover every secret connected with their mode of living, so that the curtain of mystery is rolled away for his eyes, and he lives in a world totally unknown to many others of his kind.

Teddy had practiced this art of creeping silently through the woods, when stalking the timid deer, and perhaps also the lordly

caribou over in Canada. He certainly had all the little wrinkles down pretty fine—at least Dolph thought so, as he followed in his wake, endeavoring the best way he could to imitate these noiseless movements.

So, foot by foot, and yard by yard, they drew nearer the strange cabin.

As yet not a sound had been heard, to indicate that the place had any inhabitant; though the light shining from the small opening that might be called a window, must be set down as conclusive evidence on that score, since lights ordinarily do not spring into existence without the aid of human hands.

Twice Teddy halted until his chum came alongside. Then he would whisper a few words in his ear, after which the forward movement would be resumed.

All at once both boys came to a sudden pause, and crouched there, listening to certain sounds that had broken loose.

Plainly these sprang from a fiddle—a violin is unknown by any other name than this, in the backwoods country, where the "fiddler" is always in great demand at the husking bees and barn dances.

Undoubtedly some one was sawing a bow across the catgut strings of an instrument and it was evident from the chords resulting from this effort that the player was no greenhorn.

Teddy pinched the arm of his chum when the latter came alongside, and whispered, "Amos."

He had heard the woods boy scrape a bow more than a few times, and recognized his "touch" instantly. Indeed, Teddy had more than once regretted that he had decided against the other bringing his old fiddle along. With it in camp Amos would have been enabled to make many an evening around the fire seem more sociable.

Apparently then, Amos must have discovered some sort of old instrument in the cabin occupied by Crawley, the trapper and poacher. Overtaken by an irresistible inclination to make music, he had eagerly pounced upon the same, tuned up, and started in.

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